

XVI

1 Nov. 1904

# The Crescent

PACIFIC COLLEGE

Newberg, Oregon



PUBLISHED BY

The Crescent Society.

NOVEMBER, 1904

## Where are you going?

I AM GOING DOWN TO

*Wilson's  
Confectionery Store.*

## What for?

To get a box of bon bons for my best girl.  
She says they are the finest in town. Try  
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WE ALSO SERVE FRESH OYSTERS  
ON SHORT NOTICE.

A specialty made of getting up oyster suppers.  
Bulk oysters for sale over the counter.

Yours for pleasure,

C. B. WILSON.

# THE CRESCENT.

VOL. XVI.

NOVEMBER, 1904.

NO. 1.

## The Greatness of Little Things.

Mt. Hood, massive, ice-crowned, imperial, is a great work of nature; yet it is only an aggregation of materials with which we are thoroughly familiar. It is only a larger mountain than those which surround our little village. A score of such mountains piled one on top of the other would make a Mt. Hood, with glaciers, avalanches and brooding eternity of frosts. Such greatness, though it impresses one much, is not beyond our comprehension; it can be reckoned in cubic miles. So with the sea; it is only an expanse of water larger than the river that winds through the meadow. It is great, yet it is only an aggregate of numerable quantities that the eye can measure and the mind comprehend. These are great objects. They are great, particularly because they are large. They are above us and lead one upward toward infinity.

If we turn our eyes in the other direction, however, we lose ourselves in infinity quite as readily. If I pick up a pebble at the foot of Mt. Hood and undertake the examination of its structure, the elements that compose it, the relation of those elements and the mode of their combination, I am lost quite as readily as I should be in following the footsteps of the stars. If I undertake to look through a drop of water I may be arrested for a time by the sports and struggles of animal life, but at length I find myself gazing beyond into infinity. We can dissect from one another the muscles and arteries, the veins and nerves, of the human body, but the mosquito that taps a vein on my arm does it with an instrument and by the operation of machinery that are beyond my scrutiny.



It seems as though man occupies a position just half way between infinite greatness and infinite littleness, and that he can neither ascend or descend to any considerable degree without bringing up against a wall which shows where man ends and God begins. It seems, too, that that human power which can reach down deepest into the infinite littleness is more remarkable than that which rises highest into the infinite greatness.

Our appreciation of the greatness of little things will be fortified by a further examination into Nature's methods. "If we descend into the depths of the sea, we shall find that the reefs and islands, against which the waves of the Pacific dash in vain, are built of coral insects, whose every organ exhibits delicate skill of a diamond or snowflake. The broken columns and marble heaps in lands where once were cities represent destruction, not so much through tornadoes and earthquakes as through little vices and unnoticed sins. It is a minute bug that saps the life from the golden wheat; it is a tiny germ on the leaf that blights the budding peach and pear; it is a black spot on the potato that fills all Ireland with fear of famine. We wage war against the dust mote ambushed in the sunbeam; we fight against weapons hurled from battleships called drops of impure water; we wrestle with hosts, whose broadsides invisible rise from foul streets."

Thus it is when we go down into the infinity below us that the infinite power and skill becomes the most evident. When the microscope shows us life in myriad forms, each of which exhibits design; when we contemplate vegetable life in all its wonderful detail; when chemistry reveals to us something of the marvelous processes by which vitality is fed, we get a more impressive sense of the power and skill of the Creator than we do when we turn the telescope towards the heavens.

If I look up into the firmament and send my imagin-

ation into the deepest abysses and think that further than even dreams can go those abysses are strewn with stars; if I think of comets coming and going with the rush of lightning, and yet occupying centuries in their journeys; or if I only sit down by the sea and think of the waves that kiss other shores thousands of miles away, I am oppressed by a sense of my own littleness. I ask the question, whether the God who has such large things in his care can think of me, a speck on an infinite aggregate of surface, a mote uneasily shifting in the boundless space? I get no hope in this direction, but I look down and find that the shoulders of all inferior creation are under me lifting me upward. I find that God has been at work in a mass of minute and munificent detail, by the side of which human life is great and simple.

"He who unites grains of sand for making planets, rays of light for glorious suns, blades of grass for the solid splendor of field and pasture, and drops of water for the ocean that blesses every continent with its rain and dew, teaches us also that great principles will organize the little words, the little aspirations and the little services into the full orbéd splendor of an enduring and immortal fame."

"Ours is a world in which life's most perfect gifts and sweetest blessings are little things. Take away love, daily work, sweet sleep, and palaces become prisons and gold seems contemptible."

"Life is made up, not of joys few and intense, but of joys many and gentle."

"Great happiness is the sum of many small drops. All those who seek intense pleasure will find not enjoyment, but yearnings for enjoyment."

"Happiness is in simple things; a cup of cold water, health and a perfect day, dreamless sleep, honest toil and the esteem of the worthy."



"Great deeds the majority cannot do. Two-talent men are numbered by the millions, but the ten-talent men are few and far between."

"Society advances in happiness and culture not through striking dramatic acts, but through myriads of unnumbered and unnoticed deeds."

Some youth brightens the day by his deference to old age; some maiden by the respect which she shows to her mother's feelings and wishes. The heart warms to such little courtesies, and the world is made a better place in which to live by their performance. It is not necessary to let the automobile run over us while we scrape and bow and refuse to take precedence, but "after you, my dear Alphonse" is good at times.

The story is told of Benedict Arnold as he lay dying in an attic, when asked if there was anything he wanted, answered, "Only a friend." "Traitors sometimes each of us, also," says Newell Dwight Hillis, "traitors to our deepest convictions and our highest ideals, and in the hours when the fever of discontent burns fiercely within us and the mind seems half delirious in its trouble, we also ask for a friend bringing a mite of sympathy and a cup of cold water. Let us confess it, we are all famishing for love and the kind word that says in your Gethsemane you are not alone."

The courtesy of kind words costs but little; they make nobody the poorer. Like the widow's cruse, the stock need not be exhausted by constant using; yea, better than the widow's cruse, the stock increases the more it is drawn from the fountain. That person lives not, whatever his station in life, but who by amiable temper, pleasant words and kind acts may shed light and comfort upon the heart and homes of earth.

Oftentimes we fail to sufficiently appreciate the forces that a very feeble impulse may set in motion. The greatest

things are often accomplished by the weakest and humblest instrument, but we do not always realize. Each fresh demonstration of the truth is likely to astonish us with its seeming disproportion of cause to effect.

It is not always the man of shining talents, brilliant genius or great learning that accomplishes the most in life. With the talents of an angel a man may be a fool. A profound scholar may astonish the world by his scientific researches and discoveries, may pour a flood of light upon mankind, may point erring man to the path of rectitude, and yet render himself powerless in the cause of truth by his imprudent and inconsistent practices.

Not every one can be a brilliant beacon light, but every one can give of that which he has.

Give, give is the demand of life; give pity to the fallen, give words of cheer to the despondent, give thoughtful counsel to the erring, the strong clasp of brotherly kindness and encouraging words, more precious often than food and fire, than money and clothing.

There are men to help and be helped; interests, feelings and affections, from which, as from the chords of some sweet instrument, the touch of human intercourse can draw most exquisite music. How shall this be done? By sympathy with others. Help others, and the help given shall return into your own heart—shall exalt, shall enrich it. The world that before was barren shall begin to bloom like a garden; mankind will grow happier and the world more like the place God meant it to be.

### Students!

We have come here for a purpose; let us keep it well in view.

We must strive to gain a vict'ry if we would to self be true.

There is offered at our college opportunities which may Prove to us a greater blessing than we think of them today.

As the year has only started and our course is just begun,  
We should make a good beginning in the race we have to run.

We may think our task too heavy lest our health may be impaired,  
'Tis not work but worry kills us, so work hard and thus be spared.

May we think for just a moment of the patient hands which work  
That our lives may be made better, why should we, then,  
try to shirk?

Let us spread our college mantle; fill it full as it will hold  
With the pearls of thought we gather and the teachers' words of gold.

Come to duty; time demands it. All the world is standing by,  
Watching every move we're making with a keen and steadfast eye.

Raise your banner; test your metal; be a student while you may.

Push yourself into the thickest of the fight that's on today.

Let us have some college spirit; give a yell for "Old P. C."  
Make the world to know we're living, and ours will be victory.

### They Heard of Pacific College at Indianapolis.

The greatest oratorical contest between college students that has ever taken place in the United States was held in

Indianapolis on June 28, 1904, before an audience of from 2500 to 4000 people. In the contest twenty states were represented. There were six contestants, two from each inter-state organization. The following were the orators and the order in which they appeared upon the program: W. Clifford Smith, University of California; Ernest M. Halliday, University of Michigan; Miss Mamie White, Wheaton College, Illinois; James G. Welch, University of Michigan (1903 man); Harry C. Culver, Cornell College, Iowa, and Walter R. Miles, Pacific College, Oregon.

To speak of all the orations in detail would make this article too long. Suffice it to say, they were masterful productions and delivered with telling effect. When the sixth and last orator stepped to the front, paused a moment and with flashing eyes surveyed the audience, a hush fell over the vast assemblage. It was then that Walter R. Miles, in a clear and steady voice, began his winning oration. Soon the audience caught the "Victory Spirit," and Mr. Miles himself seemed electrified by something supernatural. At one time he leaned forward almost on tiptoe and lifted his hand as though it was now or never to save the lives of his fellow-men and shouted, "Shall we surrender?" The audience involuntarily shouted back, "No, no!"

Miles seemed no longer our Sophomore as we knew him, but appeared almost transformed, and with a voice not his own forced to speak from a great heart filled with a greater spirit. Once again he interrogated his auditors: "Is there yet heroic blood?" Probably a thousand men answered in the affirmative, while the whole audience went wild in applause. One man shouted out, "Another Patrick Henry."

My pen fails to convey the real oration. After all, it was the thought, the spirit, the inspiration, the man. The Oregon delegation to the National Prohibition Convention that met during the next few days had not forgotten to provide a very fine bouquet for their man, and they determined to show the eastern brethren how we do things out west. I here chronicle that we did show them, to their astonishment and, no doubt, amusement. E. S. CRAVEN.



## Parody.

(Read before C. L. S. on October 20, 1904.)

Have you heard of the wonderful two-hoss shay  
That was crowded in such a terrible way?  
It ran a hundred yards in a day  
And then of a sudden it—ah, but stay!  
I'll tell you what happened without delay,  
Scaring professors into fits,  
Frightening the president out of his wits.  
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

October the twentieth, nineteen-four,  
Have I told you enough or shall I tell more?  
The faculty drove to the mountain height  
To view with rapture the scenes of delight.  
Of such splendor these Hoosiers had never dreamed,  
Much less beholden! How strange it seemed  
As they viewed the snow caps—this way, then that.  
Professor Wright reverently raised his hat.  
The other professors his feelings shared,  
Each thankful his life to this time had been spared.

Our professor of Latin, who e'er tho't he would chaff,  
But then when I tell you I'm sure you will laugh,  
As they toiled up the mountain before it grew dark,  
He called to the others, "See that cinnamon bark"  
Lying piled upon the cordwood near by.  
The Hoosier professors responded, "Oh, my!"  
And at once they detached a convenient bite,  
But the flavor of cinnamon seemed quite out of sight.  
For the bark that was there, as any one knows,  
Was but the kind which on the fir tree grows.  
On the jokes? Well, yes; I think I am right.  
I'm told that they all were quite free to bite.

And there was Mrs. Douglas, too,  
To see the mountains and sky of blue.  
To see them better, thought she, "I'll take  
This field glass for my own and other's sake."  
But never, until they were raised to the dome,  
Did she find she had left one half at home.

The night came on; the stars came out.  
"Of supper," they said, "we must do without.  
So, till the mountain peaks fade in the gray,  
Let us stay and watch them go away."  
The driver waited and waited, still  
Wishing they all were down the hill  
And the faithful team and two-hoss shay  
Were snugly placed in the barn away.

The end did come, as ends always do,  
To the trip they took and my story, too,  
For over the jolting corduroy  
Came the faculty, singing aloud for joy;  
Back from the mountain top so grand  
To take charge of the little band  
Of the finest students in all the land.  
Glad were they for the evening free;  
Glad for the few short hours of glee;  
Glad to return in the two-hoss shay;  
Better for work the coming day.

VERDA CROZER, '06.

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## THE CRESCENT.

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Published Monthly during the College Year by the Crescent Literary Society

ORVILLE JOHNSON, '05, Editor-in-chief.  
LEWIS SAUNDERS, '06;  
EUNICE LEWIS, '05 } Associate Editors.

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The staff greets the students of P. C., both old and new,  
with best wishes for their welfare during the coming year.

and with the earnest hope that we may all work together so as to make the Crescent a paper which we will be proud to show as an example of the kind of work that is being done by the students of Pacific College this year.

The plan proposed by Prof. Kantner for getting a college song service seems to us to be very good for a number of reasons, viz.: It creates a better college spirit among the students; sing with spirit; a college song gives other schools a very favorable opinion of our college spirit and also of our school. The contest by which the words are to be secured for the song will be of aid to the students taking part, as it will give them practice in that line of literary work. We hope that all may take a deep interest in this contest, so that very soon we will be singing a song of "Old Pacific" with a spirit that will make the halls ring.

A new year is before us with wide open doors, with possibilities perhaps undreamed of. No doubt it is with disappointment that we view the years that have been. It seems that we have failed utterly to reach that degree of success we hoped would be ours. We feel that it is almost useless to expect great things. There is a story told of a brave knight who was one day struggling up a steep mountain side. Rocks black and of a monstrous size hung high above his head. On either side were chasms and dark caves, and upon the road there hung the blackness of night. The traveler became discouraged and thought to seek another road more gentle, but when he looked behind, there yawned at his horse's heels a mighty gulf. Then, bravely, almost joyfully, he rode forward. We cannot turn back. We can not turn back. We must press onward, whether we will or no, and we shall walk better with our eyes before us than with them ever cast behind. Like the traveler, forget-

ting past disappointments, let us press forward, expecting to do our part to make this the best year in the history of our college.

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### **Local and Personal.**

Be sure to get a new college cap. Order early and avoid the rush.

Say, they are going to play football, and don't you want to take a "foot" in it?

Please notice if there will be any conflict if the program is changed to read as follows, etc.

A brand new piano has been placed in the Dormitory for the use of the music students.

"Whv, hello! Glad to see you back!" "Oh, yes; school is fine." New students? Well, I guess!

Thomas Miles brought his "little" son, Walter R., to school September 26th and visited with some of his Newberg friends.

Wanted—Twenty-two fellows from four until five p. m. five days in the week. Object—"The alumni MUST be beaten!"

A. C. Millican, traveling secretary of the T. P. A., vis-



ited college on the 7th and spoke to a company of young people after Crescent.

"By the way, how do you suppose the Hall can get along without Clem?" "I don't know, but I guess it will get along all 'Wright.'"

The faculty secured a hack Thursday evening of this week and drove to the top of Chehalem mountain. They report a very pleasant trip.

Students, both new and old, have been coming in every day for the past two or three weeks. The enrollment at present numbers about 110.

Neither the president or the vice president of the Y. W. C. A. is in school this year, so Florence Wilson has been elected president until the next election of officers.

The family at Canyon Hall numbers about twenty at present. We hear that "freeze out" has been the popular game for the past week while the new furnaces were being installed.

Most of the old students have returned, but we are sorry to hear that Bernice Woodward, Clement Niswonger, Mabel Paulsen and Russell Comer will be unable to attend school this year.

† President McGrew spent Wednesday in McMinnville and let some of the classes meet without an instructor. Of course the discussions in the class room were always on the topic and right to the point(?)

Members of the Biology class may often be seen catching grasshoppers. No telling what kind of treatment the poor creatures received, and a chapel talk on "Cruelty to Animals" might be well at this time.

The students are all in pretty good condition to appreciate the new furnaces, although, of course, they enjoyed the novelty of trying to keep warm by means of the old-fash-

ioned stove while the furnaces were being installed.

"Here comes Mr. Polecat,  
So stop all your noses,  
For the smell of the water  
Is not attar of roses."

A letter from Aubrey Kramien, '04, states that he is having a great time at Earlham. He entered the senior class there and plays center on the college basket ball team. The Crescent extends congratulations and best wishes for his future welfare.

Professor and Mrs. Kantner visited chapel one morning last week, and besides furnishing some delightful music, proposed to have a song composition contest, in which the students were to compete in writing the words of a college song, which he would set to music.

The Crescent Society met on the 7th and elected the following officers: President, Lenora Parker; vice president, Worth Coulson; secretary, Mary Minthorn; marshal, Ralph Maris; librarian, Anna Rogers; critic, Marie Hansen. Prospects are very bright for a flourishing society this year.

The Junta Literary Society started out on Tuesday, 11th inst., with flying colors, officers being elected as follows: President, Harry Maxfield; vice president, Dollon Kenworthy; secretary, Anna Craven; marshal, Fred Wilson; critic, Sarah Knight, and Prof. Wright as advisory member.

The reception given by the Christian Associations to the students of the college was held on Saturday evening. The lower rooms of the college building were appropriately decorated with autumn leaves and roses. The time was pleasantly spent in games and conversation, after which dainty refreshments were served in the English room.

Interesting experiments were performed in the Psychology class Thursday morning in order to compute the difference between reflex and meditated action. The



Juniors being asked to help in the experiments, all turned their backs on the Seniors in a most unfriendly manner. It can be said to their credit, however, that they soon condescended to bow very politely, and all trace of unfriendly feeling suddenly disappeared.

The formal opening of the college was held October 3 in the college chapel, and the room was filled with students, friends and patrons of the school. President McGrew gave the address of the evening, after which a number of short speeches were made by the rest of the faculty, the board of managers and friends and patrons of the school. The music was furnished by Professor and Mrs. C. W. Kantner, and was highly appreciated. After the music and speech-making a social time was enjoyed by all present.

Football practice has commenced in earnest for the game with the alumni. As yet no date has been absolutely decided upon, but it will probably be played on Thanksgiving Day. Games may also be arranged with Monmouth and McMinnville. Prospects are very bright for a winning team this year, and competition for some of the positions promises to be quite keen. Among the more promising candidates for positions are Morris, Coulson, W. Pemberton, Hutchens, Spaulding, Hodson, Hoskins, Lewis, Rees, P. Maris, Cooper and Johnson. Lewis Saunders is not yet in school, but will probably be here in time to play his old position as tackle on Thanksgiving Day.

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### Exchanges.

The Porcupine contains a number of good stories, but is a little lacking in its other material.

The Cooper Courier is a very interesting paper, and

carries plenty of life in all its departments.

The Oregon Weekly is a new exchange and is very welcome. They have a very live athletic editor on the staff.

"Shall I brain him?" cried a hazer,  
And the victim's courage fled.  
"You can't! he's a Freshman,  
So just hit him on the head."—Ex.

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STUDENTS—The following business men of Newberg have, by their support, made possible the publishing of this paper, and we all should make it a point to give them all of our patronage possible, for they will always be found with first-class goods in their respective lines. N. B.—Please mention the Crescent when you answer any of the following advertisements:

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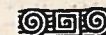
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